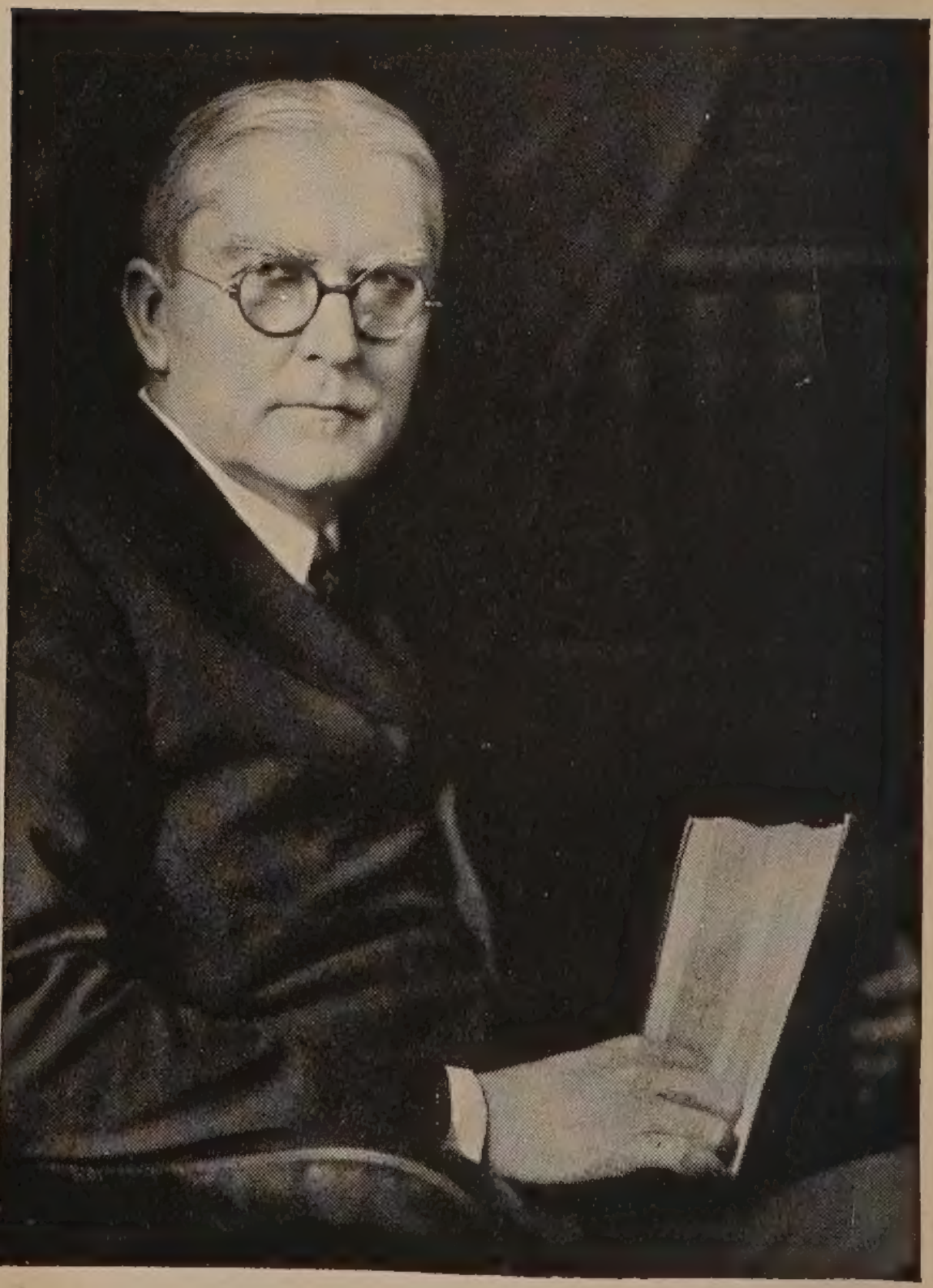
M. F. Lockwood.



Four Minute Essays

By

Dr. Frank Crane

Volume 1

Wm. H. Wise & Co., Inc.
New York Chicago

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Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen
By Dr. Frank Crane

AS for me, let my bones and flesh be burned, and the ashes dropped in the moving waters, and if my name shall live at all, let it be found among Books, the only garden of forget-me-nots, the only human device for perpetuating this personality.

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WHAT I WRITE IS MY TOMBSTONE

WHAT I write is my tombstone. I have lately been going about in Rome and its environs. It is pre-eminently the land of the Tombstone. Rome should be called that, if it ever changes its name, and if the title had not been pre-empted by a town in Arizona. There are tombs everywhere; tombs in the church floors, in the wall, under the high altars. All about are tombs of emperors and kings. All futile. All pillaged, empty, like eyeless sockets. The poor, powdered dust of the magnificent ones has been sifted to find their finger-rings.

The only real Tomb is a Book. Men of Letters are the only genuine aristocracy; kings and thrones, in the landscape of his-

tory, are only located by their relation to the men who write. Napoleon, it has been said, will be remembered as a contemporary of Goethe.

The glory of Julius and Augustus is ashes; the golden house of Nero a subterranean cavern, damp and mossy; "the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," are swept aside; but Horace with liquid syllables built himself "a monument more lasting than brass"; and Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare live on, green as perennial trees.

As for me, let my bones and flesh be burned, and the ashes dropped in the moving waters, and if my name shall live at all, let it be found among Books, the only garden of forget-me-nots, the only human device for perpetuating this personality.

DRUNK ON WISTARIA

DRUNK, dizzy drunk today, on Wistaria. As I write these lines, I have just come from outdoors where it is blooming. As the clever man said of the strawberry, so I say of Wistaria: doubtless God could make a lovelier thing, but doubtless He never did. O those palish purple plumes, those thick-clustered grape-bunches of sheer beauty, they affect me precisely like falling in love. As near as anything in the world, it is like that peculiar feeling that arouses your heart when a pretty girl, with pink cheeks, a dimple, a soft, white neck, and eyes like love-lakes, looks at you and smiles. You know that sinking-rising sensation of glad dismay. If you've ever been young you

do. Wistaria takes me like that. Wistaria —what genius invented so happy a name?— and I have looked on her today, this morning, in the beams of the young sun, as she lay along a grey wall, and I tell you I am drunk with beauty. It is surely the gracefulest, softest, sweetest notion Nature ever had. I saw a vine of it this morning in a dirty backyard where everything was squalid; there, along a fence, right over all the poor commonness of everything, ran Wistaria, like Sally in Our Alley, a rare, God-blessed, pure, delicate, exquisite miracle— don't talk to me any more! I know all lovers' promises are true, every little tender tint of human nature is so, and after all comes Heaven. How do I know? Fool and dolt, can't you see? Have you no reason? Could any old world that has such a darling, heavenly, little baby as Wistaria every

Spring, be anything else than a good-hearted world? Wistaria is said to be named after a college professor; wrong: it means love, kisses, and girls, and comes from the same root as wistful and—whist!

MULE POWER

THERE'S a deal of talk about will power among uplifters and advisers and exhorters and all the rest of the hecklers of poor, wabbly humanity. There are books on the development of the will, books widely advertised and presumably widely read. Also, books on the diseases of the will.

But there's something much more essential to success here below and salvation up yonder than will power.

It is won't power.

And I'll tell you a secret.

Only the exceptional character has a dominant will. Only a few have will power. But every mother's son of us has won't power aplenty.

Even weaklings. Even we drifty, yielding, oh-be-a-good-fellow, anything-to-be-agreeable, go-with-the-crowd boys and girls—we can be just as strong in our won'ts as the supermen are in their wills.

That's the beauty of it. The good God has so ordered things that the least and peakedest of us can save ourselves as well as the mightiest and greatest. Because all we have to do is to DO NOTHING.

To keep out of the horrible pits that beset the human path, all that's necessary is NOT to walk into them.

For instance, the way to quit drinking is simply NOT TO DRINK.

That's all.

Easy!

It does not require struggle and prayer and courage and a grand character and will power. A man can have all these and use

them and still coast uninterruptedly down the alcoholic slide.

What it takes to quit, and stay quit, is won't power.

Plain stubbornness.

Mule power.

Behold the mule. As a won'ter he has no equal. Except maybe a woman. Take him for your ideal. Set yourself. Balk!

Say: "They can lead me to the bar, but they can't make me drink. I can suffer. I can crave. I can die. But no power in heaven, on earth, or under the earth can make me swallow the stuff if I simply WON'T."

No matter how vacillating you are, how much of a spineless imbecile and moral wreck you are, there's one thing you can do as powerfully and irresistibly as Julius Cæsar or Napoleon—you can NOT do a thing.

If you'll just see this, and believe it, it may be worth a million dollars to you.

To get out of the spider's web, to get your feet out of the quicksand that's engulfing you, all you have to do is—not anything grand and noble and pious and pure—but just simply use your stubbornness.

USE YOUR MULE POWER.

Glory be to stubbornness!

AGREEABLENESS

IF you are looking for a job it may interest you to hear what is the one quality which employers the world over want most.

It is agreeableness.

Agreeableness is the diamond among virtues, for it is the most precious and the rarest of all.

It is worth money; for it sells more real estate, cigars, groceries, dry goods, automobiles, typewriters, furniture, and life insurance than any amount of smooth talk and convincing arguments.

Just be pleasant, and you can walk away with a contract right under the nose of the man who knows it all.

Smile! Not once in a while, so that you

look like it hurt you when you force a grin. But get the habit. Smile to yourself when you're shaving. Then it will come natural when you use it trying to sell a washing-machine.

Be agreeable! And you'll be in demand. For in every walk of life they are crying for the agreeable person.

Every wife wants that kind of a husband, husbands that kind of a wife; children want agreeable parents, the workman an agreeable boss, the boss an agreeable workman, and everybody wants agreeable relatives.

We want agreeable hired girls, hotel clerks, motormen, policemen, janitors, ice men, ushers, preachers, governors, and bankers.

Come, be agreeable, for you will have little competition, and are pretty sure to succeed.

An agreeable person lights up the room like a lamp.

He is like the shade of a big tree on a hot day.

He is like a drink of something that tinkles in the pitcher when you're real thirsty.

He is like love when you're lonesome, bed when you're tired, a breeze when you're stifling, food when you're empty, and money when you're broke.

Be agreeable! Study to make people like you. Make love to the world.

Life's a mix-up, anyway, that none of us understand. There are all sorts of inexplicable thorns and tragedies, buffets and chagrins. And most people are a bit sorry for themselves. Hence, ugly.

But you—you be agreeable. Try it, and see what happens.

WHAT TO TAKE ON A MOTOR TRIP

THE first thing you want to do when getting ready for a motor trip is to take Eva Tanguay's motto, polish it up, and pack it carefully in your old kit-bag right where you can find it when you need it. (Not when you want it. You'll need it lots of times when you don't want it.) That motto is:

"I don't care."

Because if you're going to care you'd better stay home.

When you've everything ready to start and are planning to get away bright and early, while the dew is on the gowan, and all that sort of thing, and there's no traffic, so that you can let her out a little and see

if she will make that fifty miles an hour easy, as the automobile salesman said she would (she, of course, referring to the mass of machinery in which you have invested more than you should), and then Genevieve doesn't turn up for an hour, and keeps everybody waiting, just because she had the Blue Book, and lost it, of course, and finally found it over to Eva's, where she left it when she went there to see if Eva had a veil she could spare (left it lying right on the telephone-table in the dining-room, of all places!), and then something else happens, and something else, until you don't get away till noon, why, just lean back and laugh, and say out loud:

"I don't care."

Because that's really the only way to enjoy your trip. When you travel you want to look for the unexpected. That's what

you travel for. You get enough of the expected at the office.

Just be happy. Whatever comes to pass, make a joke of it.

Suppose the kicker in the party conceives and expresses a violent dislike to your twelve-cylinder Bohunkus car, and keeps telling you how much better the Ritz-Diavolo is, say:

"I don't care."

And suppose you do break a spring and have to wait four hours while a new one is being put in, or there's a leak in the gasoline-tube, or something gets the matter with the carburetor, or the wrist-pins, or the pet-cock, or the tire, or the brake, or the jew-hillykus fails to catch in the thingumbob, so that you have to stay half a day in the swift village of Podunk, when you wanted to reach Boston or Winnipeg or Asheville or some other seaport that night, to meet the

Perkinses, why, smile, consarn you! smile, and say:

"I don't care."

Do this. And no matter what happens, or fails to happen, no matter about the weather, no matter what mischief the fates contrive, no matter what outlandish disorders may develop in the works under the hood, and no matter how cantankerous any members of the party become, you'll have a good time.

For the one and only panacea, vade-mecum, and sine qua non to take along on a motor trip is:

"I don't care."

DOING CLEARS THE MIND

DOING clears the mind. Physical activity has a peculiar luminous effect upon the judgment. The soundest views of life come not from the pulpit or the professional chair, but from the workshop. To saw a plank or nail down a shingle, to lay a stone square or paint a house evenly, to run a locomotive or raise a good crop of corn, somehow reacts upon the intelligence, reaching the very inward essential cell of wisdom; provided always the worker is brave, not afraid of his own conclusions, and does not hand his thinking over to some guesser with a large bluff. Doing makes religion. All the religion that is of any account is what we thresh out with our own hands, suffer out with our own hearts, and find out with our own visions. Doing creates faith. Doubt

comes from Sundays, and other idle hours. The only people who believe the Ten Commandments are those who do them. Those who believe the world is growing better are they that are trying to make it grow better. Doing brings joy. The sweetest of joys is the joy of accomplishment. Make love and you will feel love. Quit making love and you will doubt love. Be kind, steadily and persistently, and you will believe in kindness. Be unclean and you will soon sneer at anybody's claim to virtue. Be mean and you will cease to believe there is any goodness in the world.

So a man has his own destiny, his own creed, his own internal peace, his own nobility in his hands—literally in his *hands*. For all the worth-while wisdom of goodness you have in your head and heart was soaked up from your hands.

THE RIGHT TO MAKE ONE'S OWN MISTAKES

MR. T. JEFFERSON and others briefly listed the inalienable human rights as three: life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

There is a fourth: the right to make one's own mistakes.

Nowhere is the deep wisdom and justice of the Creator more apparent than in his so arranging the Universe that a man can do his own sinning. We cannot understand this. We are so dazzled by ideals that we cannot see that the supreme privilege of freedom is freedom to do wrong. Take that away, and a man becomes non-moral. Virtue is of account only in one who might have chosen vice.

We learn more by our own mistakes than by any other means. Let a man always succeed and he will remain a child, ignorant, egotistic, unsympathetic, and cruel. It is because the king can do no wrong that the king is usually a poor little soul.

Our growth, character, enjoyment of life come from our mistakes. A child that is not permitted to fall will never learn to walk; for walking is a succession of falls.

In our eagerness to make our children successful we rob them of the very foundation of success, which is failure; for the truest success is what is left after a hundred failures. We are so anxious to have them happy that we take from them the key to happiness, which is the privilege of making themselves and others miserable.

I want the right to burn my own fingers, bump my own head, eat indigestible food,

and do the whole range of silly and senseless things. Only when I am at perfect liberty to scar, scratch, smash, and ruin my life, only then am I capable of triumph, power, and goodness.

It is important to be trained in morality; it is still more important to be trained in liberty.

THE GREAT MAN

THE great man feels with the people, but does not follow them.

He maintains his independence of thought, no matter what public opinion may be.

He is quiet. He does not strive nor cry out.

He knows and trusts the cosmic spiritual forces and is not impatient.

He thinks clearly, he speaks intelligently, he lives simply.

His ethics are of the future, not traditional and of the past, nor conventional and of the present.

He always has time.

He despises no human being, nor any other creature.

He impresses you much as the vast silences of nature impress you, as the sky, the ocean, the desert.

He has no vanity. Seeking no praise, he is never offended. He always has more than he thinks he deserves.

He is teachable, and will learn even from little children. He is not anxious to teach others.

He is not welcome in any sect, cult or party, for he is more desirous of understanding than of opposing the other party.

He is rarely elected to anything.

He works for the joy of it, not the wages.

He cannot retaliate, for he cannot descend to the level of them that love to do harm.

He lives in a certain self-sufficient aloofness, so that your praise or blame does not seem to reach him.

Yet his isolation is warm, and not cold.

He is keenly alive to human relationships and influences. He loves. He cares. He suffers. He laughs.

When you find him it is as if you had found a real human being among myriads of animals. All of the simple, strong qualities of the normal soul shine in him, with no pettiness.

You feel that what you have, such as your money or position, is nothing to him, only what you are; and that if he likes you it will be not at all for anything you do, say or pay, but for what your soul is within you.

He is not deceived by the two arrant humbugs of the world, Success and Failure.

He changes his opinion easily, when he sees his error. He cares not for consistency, which is the fetich of little minds, but for truth, which is the sum of great souls.

He believes that every man comes at last unto his own, and is not impatient.

Bitterness, cynicism, and pessimism, which are tempers of pettiness, he has not; but love, cheer, and hope abound in him, for these are always the by-products of greatness.

When you love him, you yourself become great; for there can be no greatness that is not the cause of greatness in others.

FORGET IT

IT'S over now. It's done. Forget it!

Don't forever be raking it up, thinking it over, wishing you had done differently.

Forget it!

What's done's done. It's down in the bottomless pit of the past. Let it be!

Look ahead, not behind!

Think of tomorrow, not yesterday!

You can make something of tomorrow; yesterday is beyond recall.

Yesterday's as dead as a door-nail, as lifeless as a brick, as hopeless and unchangeable as wood. Turn away from it!

Tomorrow's alive, pregnant with beauty, radiant with power, bulging with all conceivable possibilities. Turn to it!

"Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before," is the way one of the greatest souls of earth described his attitude.

For the past is dead. The future is life.

From the past come up the miasms of despair, remorse, self-contempt, which sickly o'er the thought, until the zone of purpose is loosed, and the high star is quenched in murky cloud.

Forget it, woman! You've sinned. Out of your weakness you have plucked loathing, and out of your waywardness shame. But it's done. Look not back at it. Look forward, to where One stands, One who, though He be judge of all the earth, says: "Go, and sin no more!"

Forget it, boy! You've brought tears to the eyes of her that bore you, and anguished care to your mother, than whom none in

heaven or earth has greater love. But she will think of it no more if you only come back, put your face upon her blessed knees, and let her love enfold you. Hers is oblivion's widest, deepest sea, and your every offense will be drowned in it.

Forget it, man! Take her back into your arms. What is love worth that cannot forgive? What is love worth that is not mightier than pride? Forget it! In the streets of heaven you will never blush to think you have forgiven too much.

Forget it, wife! I know it means heartache and humiliation and dry-lipped care; but climb up, climb up the steeps of grandeur, till you reach the stage of that love which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things—and never faileth."

Once in that mountain air of nobleness

you will not regret the troubled valleys of pride.

Forget it! Everybody! Every uprolling sun brings a new chance to all the sons and daughters of men. Every swelling moon means a new month of opportunity. Every star of the innumerable stars, sand-strewn on the dusky blue of night, is a star of hope.

Forget it! Front face, you!

A SON'S LETTER

HERE is a fine, manly letter, full of heart and free of cant, which I saw the other day in an Isle of Wight newspaper and would like to pass on to my readers.

The hundreds of fathers whose sons have paid "the last full measure of devotion" may be helped a bit to read this clean, strong-souled youth's last words. He was killed in action shortly after inditing them.

The business of being a father is quite the most complex and difficult of all the tasks that come to men, and to get such a letter as this must be to any father a sweet reward.

"To My Father:—This is a final message for you to read when I am dead. There will be so little else—just the brief official notification, 'The Secretary of State for War re-

grets.....'; may be a belated letter or two, speaking only of the small happenings of the day; perhaps the tale of a brother officer as to how I fell; beyond that, nothing. And therefore now, beforehand, I say farewell.

"There is no need of many words. But I want first to thank you as your son. You have been to me the best father a fellow could wish. I want to thank you for the gift of a clean and strong and vigorous and healthy body, straight limbs and thews that could serve England at her need. For the gift of a powerful intellect and a discerning mind—thank you. For the long years of self-denial that made my education possible; for the guidance and teaching that kept me straight in the days of youth; for the counsel and help ever freely proffered when I asked; for all noble things in your example —again and most earnestly, thank you.

"Secondly, as to my death. Inasmuch as we be men together, there is little need for words. It is in a good cause that I lay down my life. All the things that I hold dear in life I willingly give up since it is required of me. I am proud and glad to be one of those whom England takes, who in their bodies pay the price of her honor. And though in your heart there will be sorrow, you will also be proud; and you will not grieve overmuch.

"All good things be unto you! May the coming years bring wider fields of service; honor, and honorable work, strength, and wisdom to perform it; and in the end peace, and contentment, and quiet rest! Your son, a soldier of England, salutes you. Farewell!"

ALL NOISE IS WASTE

POWER is a curious and much misunderstood thing. Noise and display, which are commonly thought to indicate it, in reality are indications of its absence.

All show of force is a sign of weakness. Loud talking is a sign of a consciousness that one's reasoning is feeble. When one shrieks it means that he knows or suspects that what he says does not amount to much, and it irritates him.

Profanity comes from a limited vocabulary.

A country is poor in proportion to its fighting spirit. A nation habitually peaceful is hardest to conquer. It was the United States that settled with the Barbary pirates.

In advertisements, a persistent over-state-

ment will in time destroy all confidence. Even here the strongest, most impressive thing, in the long run, is modesty.

Power is in inverse ratio to noise, as a rule.

The strongest being conceivable is God. And He is so modest, quiet, and hidden that many people refuse to believe there is a God. He never blusters. Hence humbugs cannot understand how He exists.

The most powerful material thing in our range of experience is the sun, the source of all earth-forces. Yet the sun's pull, energy, and radiation are silent. It raises billions of tons of water daily from the ocean with less noise than an April thunder-storm.

"The greatest things have need to be said most simply," remarked a Frenchman; "they are spoiled by emphasis."

THE ENEMY

WHOEVER you are there's somebody that doesn't like you.

The one constant figure on life's stage is the enemy. He's always there, sitting grim and silent, or busy with hostility.

"Be thou as pure as ice, as chaste as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."

Gentle maiden, as good as fair, with a heart warm and kind to all God's creatures, anxious to spread happiness as May to spread flowers, it seems incredible, but there is some one to whom your presence is offense, and to whom your surcease would be pleasing!

In the chemistry of souls this repellency is most curious, but undeniable. No human

force ever comes into the world without its opposite. Every positive has its negative. In every love is a little spot of hate. Heaven and hell, in their deeper significance, touch every human heart.

Cæsar had his Brutus, Socrates his Meletus, and Jesus the envious Pharisees.

When I read any book that pleases me, human Dickens or quiet Wordsworth, the exquisitely tooled woodcraft of Vernon Lee or the smashing liveliness of Conan Doyle, it often comes to me—somebody doesn't like this.

Queer, isn't it? Sinister and strange, but true. Little dove, the hawk soars stilly watching; little fly, the spider swings ready in his web; little doe, the cougar crouches behind the bush; little soul, among the gods walks one who looks darkly at you.

And the higher you climb, the brighter

you write your name upon fame's scroll, the louder your applause and the more signal your triumph, the surer there will be, somewhere muffled in the cheering crowd, the sombre figure of some "Mordecai sitting at the king's gate."

Is not America a beloved country? There are those who loathe it unreservedly. Is not President Wilson a fine figure among statesmen? There are many who would rejoice at his downfall, who watch eagerly to find his mistakes and herald them.

In a way the strength of the enemy is a reliable measure of one's success. The more you amount to, the sharper the hisses. Many a man has been elected to Congress by his enemies, and many a writer has been hounded to fame.

The best way to meet the enemy is to let him see that you do not think it worth while

to fight him. Nothing so enrages malice as to discover that you don't mind. Nothing so disarms attack as for you to go about your business as usual. Such defense is more effective than blows; kindness is the most exasperating vengeance.

When in doubt, say nothing. Your enemy can answer everything you can possibly say, can retaliate against everything you can possibly do, except one thing. That is silence.

THE MANNER OF GREATNESS

TO act a vice or a virtue is to induce it. This is a well-known psychological law. Act petulant, you become petulant. Act the gentleman, and you get to feeling like a gentleman. Put on brutal manners and indulge in brutal words, and before long you are brutal.

The utility of this law is apparent when we become conscious of our shortcomings and want to improve ourselves. For instance, if I am awkward and diffident I take the elegant Mr. Brummel for my model, I ape his ways, his voice, his carriage, and by and by I grow to be Brummelish in my mind. If I put on and wear a virtue or a vice long enough, I absorb it into my soul.

All this is a prelude to this point: that worry is the manifestation of weakness, and poise is the manner of power.

If I want power, therefore, and have it not, let me put away worry and put on poise, and power will come to me.

This is illustrated in the case of that figure which has been most conspicuous in American affairs, General Pershing.

"During the period when there was misunderstanding and miscarriage in the censorship," writes Charles H. Grasty, a correspondent of the American Press, "I had frequent occasion to talk to General Pershing and express my sense of grievance. He encouraged me to do so. One day I said to him:

" 'General, you have enough responsibilities. I am not going to worry you any more with fault-finding about the censorship.'

" 'Well, if you are letting that idea trouble you, dismiss it,' he replied with a smile. 'I don't let anything worry me. I try to do a good day's work, and when it is finished I go to bed. And what is more, I go to sleep.' "

Surely, what is good gospel for the man who stands in the "doubtful ridges of the battle" is good enough for you and me, in our small corner, isn't it?

Come, let us put on this man's excellence, though we have it not; let us practise the virtue we admire, and perhaps some of its quality may sink into us.

Just to do our work "by the day"! Just to do the best we can in all good conscience and leave the results in the lap of the gods! To make of difficulty the stuff of opportunity, and of confusion and danger the reason for self-mastery; to resist complaint as the mark of weakness, and worry as a sign

of petty spirit; to do our bit in faithfulness, and "having done all, to stand"—this is the manner of power.

The brave, grim, cheerful American soldier ought to be a tonic to all of us.

NO INDIVIDUAL, ONLY HUMANITY, IS COMPETENT

ONE day, as I passed down the street, I came to a spot where a teamster had unhitched his horses from the wagon, and was giving them their midday oats, beneath the shade of a benevolent and comfortable oak. From off one of the animals, I noticed the collar had been taken, and observed that his neck was sore.

"Pretty hard, isn't it," I inquired of the man, "to make a horse pull with a sore shoulder against the collar?"

"Yep," he answered, "plum tough." And then he handed me a bit of philosophy which I have put away among my most prized possessions. "There wouldn't be much work

done in this world, mister, if only horses and folks that are plum fit had to do it."

There you are! That is a large, brilliant truth. The business of this earth is carried on by the incompetent and unfit. It is the mothers that don't know how to bring up children that are bringing up most of them; it's the people not at all qualified to marry who are marrying; it's the teachers that can't teach that are teaching, and the preachers that can't preach that are preaching; most governors, mayors, and presidents do not know how to manage states, cities, and nations; doctors who don't know are giving us pills, and cooks who are incompetent are preparing us food; and altogether the world is in the hands of the unfit.

Yet, somehow, Nature manages to get things done. She gains her ends. Perfectly balancing all our imperfections, she arrives

at perfection. Let us take heart. Incompetence is no excuse for despair. No individual is competent: only Humanity is competent.

UTOPIA

UTOPIA is far more real than this world. I have a house in Utopia, and only come back here once in a while to make a living.

It's a great country, the land of dreams, of pure reason, of what ought to be and will be. There every Jack has his Jill, and the batter-cake bushes grow right by the side of the running brooks of maple-syrup.

Heaven's to be had for the asking, and God is in the other room—if we but believe. Always it's unbelief that freezes and frightens the world.

There'd be a job for everybody, at good wages, if we all only thought so.

Our cities would become as beautiful as

Greek temples set in gardens of Paradise, our houses light and cheery, our furniture a delight to the eye, our food plenty and well cooked, our digestions perfect, our bodies strong and handsome, and our dispositions most agreeable, if we only thought so.

How potent and irresistible is thought, if we would let it have its way!

That's the way you came into this life. Somebody dreamed, and longed, and loved, and so you came; so the universe was created; for creation took place, as far as you are concerned, when you were born; before then there were no stars nor continents, nor joy nor sorrow.

Good times come, prosperity to all, by people thinking so. Panics are caused by the same means.

Tyranny, cruelty, and oppression are negations; people don't believe in liberty, kind-

ness, and tolerance. When everybody thinks democracy, enter Democracy, who was only waiting in the wings for her cue.

The only reason we don't have world government, and no more war, is because we won't think it.

We shall have co-operation and all its benefits just as soon as we can get men to think co-operation. Everybody will have pure milk and wholesome bread brought to his door by perfect social machinery, every child will be educated, every sick person cared for, every workman be congenially employed, every city be ideally governed, every nation be a helpful brother to every other nation, and all humanity will run smoothly as a $7,000 automobile, just as soon as we quit doubting we can do it.

Utopia's right around the corner, waiting for us to believe it.

Why, we have grand, redemptive ideas enough floating around now to bring Utopia, only we don't believe 'em. We believe those wretched lies we call practical. There's brotherhood, for instance, and trust, and co-operation, and justice. If we'd give 'em a chance!

Come, let us kill war, and strikes, and all the evils that threaten us; let us believe them to death!

Let us believe and we will inundate hell and put out its fires.

Let us all move over to Utopia!

THE REAL ARISTOCRAT

THERE are on earth true Noblemen.

There is a real Aristocracy. Its greatest enemy, as I have said, is the so-called aristocracy, which is really vulgar and cheap.

The real Aristocracy consists in those persons who are above the common run of men. Genuine Aristocracy is Aboveness.

The true Aristocrat is above Nature. He is not afraid of Events or Fate. He is not afraid of what the Universe can do to him.

He is above Himself. Self-seeking is the gist of commonness.

He is above his Body. His habitual pleasures have definitely and permanently passed over from his Body to His Mind and Spirit.

He is above his Reputation. He does not

boast. He does not crave notice and praise. He likes to be unnoticed.

He is above his Pleasures. He is never controlled by them. He may take his pleasures; they never lead him.

He is above his Sorrows. No disaster or wrong done to him can make him Bitter.

He is above Things. He shuns Luxury, as vulgar and essentially unjust. He is characterized by a noble simplicity.

He is never in Debt, never cringes to superiors, nor is harsh to inferiors, never talks loud, is never petulant nor pessimistic, never disgusted with Life, and never afraid of Death.

WHAT YOU ARE WHEN YOU ARE NOT TRYING IS WHAT YOU REALLY ARE

WHAT are you when you are not trying? That is what I want to know. You may be able to play the piano, or to converse brilliantly, or to deliver a stirring oration, or to write a thumping story, or to make a clever business deal, or even to be good, when you gather all your forces and hurl yourself at it. But when you let go, and are not straining to do anything or be anything, and you don't care, and your coat is off and your slippers on and your feet are up and the fire crackles merrily and there's nothing to do till tomorrow, then I'd like to meet you and converse and hear you un-

burden your mind. For it is only when mind and body quit and rest that the soul comes out for an airing. In moments of relaxation personality emerges. What you do, by effort, is mostly a compromise; it may be partly yourself, but the greater part is composed of conditions of the material you work with and the rules of the game. Other people, luck, the favor of heaven, and even weather enter into your studied deeds. Your successes are but a small part yours. For your failures doubtless you are but little to blame. But for yourself, neither success nor failure, just your own personality as it is, you are responsible. That is what I love, if I love you. What you do or say makes little difference, unless it be what you say or do carelessly. Let me hear you swear, or whistle or hum, or let me see you play with a child, let me observe your unchecked impulse run,

and I shall know you. In the day of judgment it is for our Idle words that we are held accountable.

THE TEACHER

TEACHING is the most honorable occupation in which any one can engage.

It is the most self-respecting business on earth.

In it one knows he is earning his salt, if he is faithfully fulfilling his duties; he is justifying his existence among men, he is doing his bit for the state, and he is serving the Lord.

No profession offers such constant inducements to be honest, truthful, humane, and intelligent. The teacher has the most admirable of all opportunities for the development of high character.

There are probably fewer immoral, shady, devious, or hypocritical persons in the teach-

ing business than in any other, not excepting preachers and reformers.

The school-teachers I have met in my time grade higher, I deliberately assert, than any other class of workers. (The non-workers do not grade at all.)

Good teachers are born. When a boy finds one, the kind God makes, the kind that inoculates the pupil with the love of learning, he has found a pearl of great price.

I had, I suppose, a hundred or so teachers during my school-days. I remember only two as being of the divinely ordained kind. The rest of them were holding their jobs.

The teacher's influence I reckon to be the most far reaching of all. No reform is of much value that is not begun with children.

It is more honorable to teach school than to make money, or to hold high office, or to lead an army.

"The durable satisfactions of life," says a recent article, "come faster, in greater variety, and stay longer for the live and growing teacher than for any other human being except the teaching person called by some other name."

The teacher has the greatest opening for intellectual advancement, for we learn more by teaching than we do by studying.

The money reward of teaching is not large, but the wise person will prefer to teach at half the salary he could get in any other calling.

Teaching is hard work. But it is the kind of work that strengthens and constantly refreshes life, and not exhausts life, when pursued in the right spirit.

Every one should do a little teaching if only to find himself, for it is the best of all kinds of work for self-revelation, self-devel-

opment, and self-discipline. Teaching is an excellent preparation for any other career. The President of the United States was a teacher, and he seems to be holding his own with the kings and czars that have been in the ruling business all their lives.

Take off your hat to the teacher. He is a personage.

HOW MUCH LAND A MAN NEEDS TO LIVE ON

TOM JOHNSON used to live back in the woods on a little clearing at Island Grove, Illinois. He was a good hunter, a good fellow, and a good philosopher. Once I asked him a question. All around him the Smiths and Browns had enormous farms, many acres in extent. They fattened cattle, were rich and smoked ten-cent cigars which they bought in Jacksonville. Tom Johnson owned only ten acres, was poor, and smoked Killilinick pipe-tobacco which he bought at Doc Price's country store.

Once, I say, I asked him a question. "How much ground does a man need to make a living?"

He re-lit his pipe, studied a minute, and said, "Well, I reckon he only needs about enough to stand on, if he knows enough."

I pass that on to you. It's worth thinking over.

After you have chewed this idea for a few years you will cease complaining of lack of opportunity. The real opportunity is the man himself. My real resources are under my hat. "Das Kapital" is brains.

By all means let us have public schools and universities, but, as Tom Johnson would say, if I had sense enough I could find out all about the universe from a piece of chalk.

If I "knew enough" I should tremble as if by the breath of God when I saw a lily-of-the-valley.

Tennyson said that if he but knew what the flower in the crannied wall is, he would know what man is, and what God is.

I should like to be rich, of course, and buy as many useless things as the Smiths and Browns have; but the poverty I lament most is my poverty of ideas, my dryness of soul, my lack of inward resources.

THE MEANING OF THE DAY

THIS is the strange day.

This is the day of His coming.

Terrible and strange is His coming; with tramplings of innumerable armies, desolate and salt-sown fields strewn with corpses; soil ploughed, crater-furrowed with monstrous shells; the night sky starred and streaked with deadly shrapnel.

It is the day of judgment. It is the end of the world. It is the battle of Armageddon.

History has two phases. One, a slow preparation — forces brewing, fires long kindling, waters gathering, electricity generating. The other, a sudden change; at last the barrier falls, the vessel explodes, the

electric force leaps out in flash and fury, the dam breaks, the floods roar forth.

This is the day of accomplishment. The bell has rung. The signal has been given. The titanic potencies accumulating through centuries have come to a head.

Evolution moves slowly, as a glacier; but at times leaps, as an avalanche.

This is the extravagant day, the day of melodrama, of the impossible, of miracles, and madness.

The world is drunk with freedom. They are toppling over old thrones, sweeping away ancient dynasties, bursting through venerable creeds, snapping the rusted chains of tradition, smashing impregnable institutions.

Nature has her own plans. God maketh the wrath of man to praise Him. What began as a quarrel between rival nations will

end as a triumph for humanity. Out of the clash of kings the people will emerge victorious. Democracy is using the quarrelling autocracies to kill each other.

Terrible is the day of the Lord, and past understanding. Yet His purposes are for the health of the world. After the storm, the ozone-laden sunshine. After the volcanic upheaval, the smiling and fertile continent.

And after all this destruction—peace, with law. He is trampling the wine-press; from the crushed grapes shall flow the sweet wine.

After this the ships of the world shall sail more safely, the lanes of commerce shall be opened, the barriers between nations weaker, and their bonds stronger. After this shall men work with gladder songs, and women love with less fear.

Look forward. Look to the end. Look to the golden year.

"Sweeter shall the roses blow
In those far years, those happier years;
And children weep when we lie low
Far fewer tears, far softer tears."

FOR LOVERS TO READ

COME, my love, said the lover, it is spring, spring in the year, spring in the world, spring in my heart; let us go Maying. I want to take thee by the hand and walk beneath apple-blossoms, to go with thee through trees that are a-greening, to spy timid violets hiding under the leaves as thy sweet face hideth ever under my every thought that is not of thee.

I would spin thee every extravagance of fancy, web thee in the meshes of rare conceits, liken thee to everything sweet and strange now budding everywhere.

To me thou art what this time meaneth. To me thou art little flowers opening, lush grass growing, newcomer birds piping, first

butterflies tilting in the warm wind. The hot sun is on thy lip, the moon on thy brow, the stars tangled in thy hair, thy voice is full of brooks babbling, and there is never a pleasance of woodland or hill that is not in thee.

Thou art the young dawn standing still behind the rim of the world; thou art the wind singing in the pines.

Thou art the key without which I would stand disconsolate and cold outside the meaning of life and the universe. The love thou awakenest in me unlocketh all mysteries. Thou art the one. There can be no other.

There is but one sky overembracing all, but one earth supporting all, but one ocean surrounding all. Even so thou art to me this infinite oneness. I fly in thee as a bird in the air, I swim in thee as a fish in the sea,

I go and come with ever the thought of thee beneath, as the caravan moves upon the desert.

Every little dandelion is a memory of thee. All the little pussy-willows are wisps of thy hair. The winking stars are thine eyes. Every road but leads to thee. Thou hast charmed the universe.

Come! All things are drunk with joy. Life is streaming upward like a fountain, and the spray is on my heart. Chicks are cheeping, nestlings are calling, lambs are frisking, children gambol in the streets, the waters are dancing, the sunshine is smiling like a happy mother over all, and in me the young desires of life surge. King Hyacinth reigns.

Then love me, sweet woman, for never again will these days come; never again will the cry of the blood so answer the call of

green things growing; never again can we two meet in the apotheosis of youth, under the creant influences of spring, transfigured by this "light that never was, on sea or land; the consecration, and the poet's dream."

Say to me, "I love you." And say it, and say it.

GLIMPSES

THE way to not see some of the most worth seeing things is to look at them. Ghosts, for instance. Surely one's ghosts are as interesting as one's flesh-and-blood friends, besides being one's own private and peculiar treasure, bringing a secret fellowship none may share. And nobody ever saw a ghost except out of the tail of his eye. Spooks are glimpsed, not seen. They vanish around corners. They are not there, but you are sure they were there a moment ago. And what a debt do the feeling and fancy of mankind owe to those twilight people, fairies, gnomes, elves, pixies, witches, wraiths, and goblins. What a dull world

this would be if we could see only what we can see.

Likewise there are certain truths that haunt the mind, never can be clearly stated, and yet profoundly convince us. The stubbornest facts are those we cannot prove. The street arab says he has a hunch; the more cultured mean the same thing when they speak of their intuitions. "I wish you'd keep away from that man," says your wife; "something tells me that trouble is right behind him." And when "something" tells a woman something, you'd better mind.

A good woman's soul has a hound's nose; she can smell crookedness further than you can see it.

A prejudice, a conviction that is only an inner protest for which we can give no reason, is far more stubborn than a printed creed. An opinion we have reasoned our-

selves into we can reason ourselves out of, but a notion that "just came" without our volition will not go with our volition.

As a matter of fact, creeds change; the old superstitions abide forever. A thousand years ago, probably people were afraid of Friday and the number thirteen, told fortunes from tea-leaves, ascribed dominances to planets, believed in the influences of the moon's phases, would not walk under a ladder, were alarmed when they spilt salt, and particular with which foot they stepped off first; and a thousand years hence the same crepuscular beliefs will be flying in the darkened fringes of men's minds.

Glimpsed things are the most convincing. A little trait in a man that he didn't intend for you to see, a woman's gesture unaware, a word that slips out—such things weigh more with us than deliberate deeds.

Glimpsed beauty is the sweetest. Glimpsed danger is the most fearsome. Glimpsed goodness the most admirable. Glimpsed craftiness the most suspicious.

Glimpsed heaven and hell are vastly more potent than they would be if they were somewhere in New Jersey. In fact, the whole force of the moral drive, the whole area of conscience and of virtue, lie in the half-light realm. That's why they are so irresistible and everlasting. Things known change. Books on science are out of date in a few years. But the old moralities stand forever. Forever in the dim horizon are the twin peaks of Right and Wrong, Mount Gerizim and Mount Ebal, sometimes clouded, sometimes sunlit, but there forever.

EVERY DAY

EVERY day!

In those two words lies the secret of all attainment.

It's not what we do once, with all our hearts, and with every splendid ounce of strength, that counts, so much as the things we've been doing every day, whether we felt like it or not.

Every day! Therein is mastery. The marvelous, velvet, utterly exquisite beauty of such piano-playing as Paderewski's, or such violin performance as Maud Powell's—it looks spontaneous, but it is the result of many a hateful day's laborious routine.

Every day! That is the road to perfection. The speaker who can hold and charm

an audience, the debater quick and ready and not to be confused, the baseball-player, the woman always socially at ease—everybody, in fact, that can do anything well owes that poise and finish to the slow efforts of every day.

No matter how gifted an actor, how naturally endowed, he cannot be a master without infinite practise.

Young people do not realize the tremendous cumulative power that lies in time. Take ten years. Say you are twenty. By the time you are thirty what enormous efficiency you might build up if you would only use every day a certain amount of time.

Almost everybody wastes enough hours in ten years to get a doctor's degree in any university.

In ten years you might be speaking and reading fluently Spanish or French or Japa-

nese, you might be an authority upon geology, botany, chemistry, English literature, history, or whatever fits your ambition, if you would only be faithful every day.

Every day! The universe is constructed on routine. The sun rises every day, the stars revolve, the seasons come and go by schedule, your heart beats and your lungs fill and empty as regularly as the clock ticks, every generation of men or of animals is the result of numberless preceding generations, over and over again Nature tries her hand, and her matchless perfection is only the stored-up treasure of endless practise.

And in character every day means even more than anywhere else. The most honest man is the man who has been honest every day; the most virtuous woman is she who has behind her present virtue the inertia of a whole life full of virtuous thought and

deed; the happiest person is the one who has long practised being happy, and that soul is coolest and surest in a crisis who every day has schooled himself in self-mastery.

No force is so great in any man as the stored-up power of what he has been doing every day.

A GENIUS IS ONE WHO HAS FOUND HIMSELF

A Genius may be defined as a man who has found himself. Mediocrity never gets past others. It is the fate of small souls to remain forever in the land of imitation. The human being, when he enters into this life, finds the whole world organized against his individuality. Parents repress him, schoolmates sneer at him or haze him to subdue his personality, teachers trim him, society insists on a standard mold for him, business emphasizes uniformity, churches make him conform, clubs or unions or lodges cramp him, and at last the undertaker boxes and confines him permanently. All the while he struggles, according to the amount

of life-force in him, to get free, to express himself.

And the very world, which unites by all its powers to crush and cabin him, never makes a hero of him until he defeats it, in some measure, and demonstrates his real Self.

Is not this the core of all real religion—the finding of one's own personality and the being true to it? Was it not something like this that the heavenly voice meant, when it said: "And to him that Overcometh will I give the Crown of Life?"

THE SENSUALIST

DO you know, said my old friend Miss Dean, professor of English literature in Blank College, and about the last person in the world you would accuse of being gross, she being a typical highbrow, blue-stocking, and all that sort of thing—Do you know, she said, that the older I grow the more I am getting to be a sensualist?

I am duly shocked, I replied, but suppose of course you intended to shock me so as to bring out some unusual truth. So go ahead.

What I mean is that I am more and more inclining to the belief that we do not emphasize enough the sheer delight of merely being alive. If we would oftener take stock

of our little satisfactions, the unnoticed sensations of pleasure that we habitually slur over and take for granted, we would increase the average of our contentment.

I got to thinking this morning of how many things there are in my daily experiences that are agreeable. I was amazed at how many ways there are in which Nature contrives to make me feel good.

For instance, to begin at the beginning of the day, I like to get up. I dearly love the first minutes of being awake. To stretch my limbs and shake off sleep, to roll out of bed and put my nose out of the window and drink in the fresh early air, and see the young sunlight, not yet glaring and hot, but full of the promise of life, a sweet light and soft, and to see the trees seeming so glad and virile—oh! it's great!

And then I like my bath. I like to get

all my clothes off and enjoy the touch of the air on my skin as if I were an animal. We are all animals, but it does us good to go back healthily to animality some time during the day—touch, like Atlas, our mother Earth and the elemental air and light from which come our tides of strength.

I love a good souse in the water. I love the feel of the towel when I rub dry. I like dressing. Putting on clothes with me is always an interesting ceremony. From lacing my shoes to combing my hair, it is more than a routine—it is a ritual.

I love breakfast. Thank goodness, I have an appetite. I don't eat much, but I love to eat. And when I think of all the living creatures upon the earth, oxen and sheep, birds and horses and fishes, that share with me this delight of taking food, I have a sense of intimate communion with the universe.

Why do some people speak contemptuously of eating? To me it's wonderful to think of the infinite ministries of matter to our spirits by way of the palate. Eggs and butter, fish, flesh and fowl, grains and fruits, honey, cream, and, best and most angelic of all—water! What are those all but Nature's children vying with each other to please their human guest!

Then there are a thousand other things I like. I like the sun, and to sit in the shade, to walk, and to rest afterward. I like colors, the reds, browns and blacks of my books, the green of my blotter, the yellow of my pencil, the blue of my rug, and all the other numberless shades, with their blendings and contrasts, that make up the vast orchestra of color continually playing for my benefit.

I like breathing. Did you ever stop to think how delicious air is?

I like the thousand and one things that we usually refer to as boresome. I like to have my hands manicured. I like to ride on the trolley-car. I like my favorite rocking-chair. I like my pen and my pad of paper, and to see words grow under my hand. I like a good novel. I like a good road and a hedge and a clump of bushes. I like to ride in a taxicab through the crowded streets. I like to look at multitudes. And I like to be alone.

I like walls and pavements. I like new gloves and nice underwear. I like, oh! passionately, a new hat and a gown fresh from the maker. I like for a man to talk to me as if I interested him. I like little children. I like old folks. I like big husky workmen lifting loads. I like people who get excited over purely intellectual problems. I like to make money and to spend it. I like to see

young people in love. I like a church, and a theatre, and bridge, and a roomful of chat and laughter. I like jokes, and music, and soldiers marching.

I fear I am a hopeless sensualist. For Stevenson's jingle grows on me:

"The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

THE LYING ART OF MORBIDITY

ZOLA, Maupassant, Sudermann, D'Annunzio, Gorki, Tolstoy, and whoever else has written of life as a gloom, a groan, a tragedy, and a defeat, are wrong. They are just as wrong now as the hermits and starving anchorites were wrong a thousand years ago. I do not criticize their literary excellence, nor say that they do not contain some truth, but the morbid cast they fling upon life is false, as everything sickly is false.

Life is healthy, fecund, full of juices and joys. Every Spring with its burst of bloom and leafage, every child shouting at play in the street, every pair of lovers hand in hand

in the moonshine, every full-hearted mother among her babies, every hearty old man sitting in the sun, every bird dashing from tree to housetop singing, all these, the hum and flash and fragrance of life's throbbing dynamics, give the lie to crazy sorrow.

It is a lying art that makes death, a moment's pang, stain the white tissue of all one's days. Life is good, sweet, rich, and strong. We feel it in sunny Shakespeare, sanest of all lords of letters. Health, and not disease, is the truth.

The "grand, gloomy, and peculiar" soul is perilously near a humbug. Please God, I will live my years with my face to the light, meeting the blows of fate with a joke, the contempt of men with a smile, the plague and mystery of the Unknown in my own heart and in the Universe with cheerful faith, and death the best I can when I come

to it. For somewhere in the heart of Joy is the Truth, and in the first cause of every Sorrow is a Mistake.

IN PRAISE OF FLAWS

THE old priest's pale face lit up with a curious one-sided smile. It was a fine face, of a certain marble composure, as if he were a living carven stone rather than flesh and blood; yet there was a glint of humor in his eye, and of wisdom, for the two are akin, though one be the gift of God and the other the harvest of experience.

He spoke to her, a dishevelled mass of self-pity and helpless remorse, one of the kind that picks at a sin like a child at a hang-nail, and said:

"Do not lacerate yourself, lady. Sack-cloth and ashes have virtue when applied to the body, according to tradition, but I know of no warrant for applying irritants to the

soul. Your fault is a fault, it is true, and for sin, even the smallest, there is no excuse, but I question if you are the worse for it.

"Far be it from me to say a word that might encourage any one to evil, condone heresy in the slightest degree, or justify imperfection. But the smooth polish of angelic sanctity is not for mortals. To be human is not the unpardonable sin.

"So while I may not say a word for wrongdoing, yet I may speak in praise of flaws. For it is not by their strength but by their weakness that human creatures get their hold on one another.

"No one has a mightier grasp of love than a baby, that holds its mother in a grip of steel and binds strong men to its service; and the secret of this strange influence is but the child's sheer helplessness.

"A woman masters a man because she is so frail, as the weak things of this world have ever been chosen to confound the mighty.

"And doubtless it is because we are so blind and helpless, stumble and grope so pitifully, and are altogether so marred with ignorance that the divine hand is reached out to help us. Thus the Almighty is the servant of the feeble, as it is written, He is servant of all, for it is ever the business of the strong to serve the weak.

"It is not the classic beauty in a face that moves us. Hearts hang upon the little pegs of imperfection. If we were perfect no one would love us; we might be admired, but not loved. Let us then be thankful for our tentacular blemishes. They are like the little tendrils of climbing vines; by them we cling and rise.

"You recall what the cardinal said, in 'Ariadne in Mantua.' 'There is, I notice, even in your speaking voice,' he said to the singer Diego, 'a certain quality such as folk say melts men's hearts; a trifle hoarseness, a something of a break, which mars it as mere sound, but gives it more power than that of sound.'

"Hate not yourself, dear lady, because you are mortal; but rather study to make use of your limitations, that you may weave all your little failings into a strong web of success. Souls can go forward even by falling. Walking has been called a succession of forward fallings. And more people slip and blunder into happiness than capture happiness by shrewdness."

Whereupon the lady went her way, a little heartened and much puzzled, while the good priest murmured to himself: "Heaven forgive me if I have said anything she could understand!"

THE RELIGION OF MEN OF LETTERS

OF all aristocracies of earth, that which seems to me to be the finest is the aristocracy of men of letters. In our inmost hearts we all believe in an upper class, in the elect, in the existence of a kind of people who are our betters. Our very protest against the tawdriness and fustian of the so-called superior folk is proof that there is some real gentility they counterfeit.

I am not much impressed by a fellow who knows kings and has hobnobbed with celebrities, and his advertisement of his grand acquaintance irritates me, but I confess to a feeling of awe in the presence of a man who shows his familiarity with the emperors of

literature, reveals a familiarity with Montaigne and Sir Thomas Browne, has evidently passed many an evening with Goethe and Dante, and remembers odd conceits of Charles Lamb and felicities of Walter Pater.

What did these high priests of letters believe? Had they a religion, and what was the temper of it?

The common denominator of their faith may be expressed as a certain high feeling, a deep and invariable reverence for the eternal humanities. When they dropped into a statement of their creeds they were as commonplace as peasants and as fanciful as theologians. But there is in their writings, whether in the novels of Dickens, the essays of Carlyle, or the poetry of Blake or Wordsworth, a profound undercurrent of trust in and respect for certain spiritual elements.

First of all they worshipped truth, and the

whole realm of literature is one way or another a campaign against fraud and pretentious humbug. The jokes of Mark Twain, the epigrams of Schiller, the ribaldry of Rabelais, the pathos of Victor Hugo, the rambling narratives of Plutarch, what are they all but tributes from many angles and in varied forms to the beauty and utter desirableness of truth?

Secondly, they believe in pity, in that sentiment that binds the weak upon the strong and incumbers all power with responsibility. Their tales of horror or of melancholy, their pictures of heroes and victims, of the vicious and the gentle, what is their manifest motive but to move us to bear the burdens of the unfit? The common God of Homer, of Cervantes, of Thackeray, of Ibsen, of Anatole France, and of all others who have the eternal quality in their work, is such an one

as Macterlinck implies when he makes old Arkel say, in "Pelleas and Melisande," "Si j'etais Dieu j'aurais pitie des hommes"—If I were God I would have pity upon men.

And the third quality of the religion of men of letters is courage. They seem to see the race of men as travellers from an unknown to an unknown country, played upon by strange forces, ruled by inscrutable fates, yet finding their joy not in slavish fear but in a brave dominance; for the tragedies that crush the petty do but liberate and ennoble the great.

And surely any soul, of whatever creed or of whatever unfaith, can but be enlarged and satisfied by joining in the appreciation of truth, of pity, and of courage, the religion of men of letters.

THE PROCESSION OF SOULS

BEFORE us passes the procession of acquaintances. Souls rise and set in our ken like stars. Life is a string of beads, each bead a human spirit whom we come, more or less, to know. They range through all degrees of intimacy, some very close, as husband and wife and children, who are like sun and moon; and friends, our kind of folks, who are like planets, members of our solar system; and acquaintances, some clear as fixed stars, some dim as stars of the fifth magnitude; and back of all these the infinite, numberless galaxies of people, whom we call the nation, the world. In this universe of souls our souls swim.

Life is a wheel, a moving panorama. Every day out of the welter of indiscriminate

multitudes there comes to you a new face, perhaps a new customer at your store, a chance acquaintance on the train, some one you fall in with in the hotel lobby or on a steamship, a tramp at your back door, a new girl at your school, some one to whom you are introduced at a friend's house, and so on. All together their number is not great. I wonder if it is written just which souls, of all the millions, shall touch ours? And each one whose personality impinges upon ours, even in the least, leaves some particles of flavor of himself upon us, and we upon him.

GREEN FIRE

I SAW it yesterday in the bushes—the green fire, coming, burning dimly, like a fine mist. God is peeping through the lattice of His world.

Life, the old mystery, the ever-young tide of power, is returning to the dead earth.

There is a presence in the air, on the ground. I have seen its traces in the woods and on the meadows. There's a smudge of green on the upland that is tilted to the sun out yonder, green finger-prints are in the hollows down by the pond. Some one has passed. Some woman spirit's trailing green veil was caught in that hedgerow.

I take off my hat to the world that is beginning to look like a growing girl.

New bird-notes are in the branches. New insects thrid the open spaces. A new odor as of fresh, sweet life pervades the mornings. A new tenderness is in the sunshine. The warm light of the other day seemed to contain a voice that whispered:

"Behold, I make all things new!"

Something's happening to our old friend the grass, our universal fellow, the great commons in nature, the level, general, humble, divine grass, earth's response to the loveliness of heaven. The green fire is running through it in great streaks and waves. I dread to step on it of mornings, so delicate and modest is it in its deepening greenness, as if blushng in virgin modesty.

If you will get up very early these days and go out in the open you will find that Nature is trying to say something to you. And if you will still your desires and be very

teachable and approach the dewy world as a little child, you may catch something of what the universe is wanting to utter; you may understand the sweet influences that strive toward you.

Then you may feel the hidden communion, the oneness with all things, the subtle kinship with the still rocks, the trees that stand ever and pray, the lisping water breaking its soft syllables against the shore, the shy, wild creatures that dart about on land or whisk through the sky, things glimpsed and things bold and open, the millions upon millions of little lives in grass and leaf and feather and gauzy wing, the whole fabric humming as in a happy tune crooned by a waking child.

For God is lighting the candles of the earth and the green fire is running.

THE NEGRO IN ART

WHAT is the future for the American Negro? Is he always going to be an inferior race? Is he never going to emerge from the shadow of his bondage?

Perhaps the problem is being solved by "a power not of ourselves," by the deep purpose of Nature and her slow process of evolution.

The word "problem" is not good. There are no social problems, such as a labor, race, or religious problem; such things are conditions to be lived through, instead of puzzles to be worked out.

And perhaps the Negro wants most of all to be let alone. He does not want to be studied as a case, nor patronized, nor helped.

All he wants is a square deal, equal opportunity, and his just deserts.

An experiment was tried in New York, consisting of a company of Negro actors who attempted a serious dramatic performance of plays written especially for them and supposed to be peculiarly adapted to their genius.

If a highly cultured and entirely unprejudiced foreigner were to look for the most interesting theatre in the city he would find it here.

For here are real human beings trying to express themselves, and not to depict borrowed emotions. It is the best kind of art.

Art consists in the forthputting of one's self. It means doing, with that freedom and naturalness that come only from genius and long practise, the thing I can do better than anybody else.

These Negroes play Negro plays. They are revealing the soul of the people. They are not propagandizing. They are not perking themselves up to be like white folks. They do not demand, argue, or protest.

They are real artists. No artist has any other aim than to show his soul by his work.

There are certain qualities of spirit, certain shades of passion and of conscience, which the Negro can portray better than any other race. There is a pathos, a tenderness, an edge of sympathy, a beauty of loyalty, and a genuineness of simplicity wherein the African excels.

I think the Negro is by nature the race best suited to Christianity.

He has none of that offensive and hard pride that stains the Caucasian. He is the exact opposite of the Prussian.

In the great democracy of art, where the

prejudices of race or speech disappear, and where "each shall paint the thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are," the Negro is welcome.

I was strangely moved by this performance. I felt as if I were witnessing by far the most significant effort at self-expression I had seen for a long time anywhere.

It was something new, something remarkable, something altogether fine and real.

A Negro, like anybody else, can be nothing so interesting, so great, so artistic, as himself.

THE COWARDICE OF PESSIMISM

PESSIMISM is the fine name for cowardice, vulgarity, self-pity, and failure.

Pessimists are all cowards, in that realm where cowardice is most fatal, that is to say, in the region of spiritual and moral potencies. They are afraid of kindness, for they may not be thanked, afraid of goodness on account of the moral effort involved, afraid of justice, sorrow, and death, which are the ennobling facts of life.

They are vulgar, because it is an unvarying trait of the vulgar mind to find fault rather than to commend.

They are victims of that most disgusting disease of the soul, self-pity, for they always assume superiority to that world of which

they complain, and regard themselves as superfine souls ill-used.

They are egotists, for their assumed standard of excellence is self, not things and men as they are.

They are failures, for, as Carl Hilty says, "pessimists are those who have somehow fallen short and are incapable of struggling with courage for the highest things of life, and of gaining them by the power and endurance necessary."

THE JOYS OF LIVING

LIVING is good, plain, physical existence. I will inventory a few of the good things of my day. First of all is the feel of cold water on my body: that morning bath, even when I have to take it with a big sponge, as I do at present, sets a thousand lively nerves a-twinkling pleasantly. Then I go out of doors, and how luxurious those first draughts of morning air! People who do not get up early do not know the real taste of air; it's as superior to midday or evening air as champagne is superior to beer, or as cold water is to both. I'm always hungry for breakfast, and my hot coffee with milk is exquisite. The morning paper I cannot enough appreciate; those little black

marks on a white surface bring to me the gist of all the human activities of the habitable globe; I touch my kind; I breathe this huge humanity. Then I go to work, thanking God that I am not rich enough to have nothing to do. For the very solidest enjoyment of my soul is found in my work. I feel a most keen sense of self-laudation in that I am doing something the world is willing to pay for. Good or Poor as it may be, at least I am Serving the race, or think I am, which is all that is necessary. When my work-hours are over, I play. It doesn't matter how; but I enjoy it. Then there are so many stray bits of contentment during the day: a flower, a tree, the sky, the moon and stars, houses, children, animals, talk, laughter, glances, friendliness, love, reading, the acquisition of knowledge, hopes, prayer, every one of them good, good, good! And

then at night the deliciousness of that first quarter hour in bed, that sweet prelude of sleep, the drowsy sinking into the sea of unconsciousness. I am glad I was born into this glorious world.

TO FRANCE!

WE love you, France.

We loved you when debonnair, with eternal youth, you taught the world to dance, to dine, and to make merry.

We loved you more when you stood grim and fire-eyed on the red rim of defense, holding back the on-rolling wave of filthy autocracy.

We love you because you mean for the world the brilliancy of life. Your wit sparkles, but your clean sword flashes more brightly.

We love you because you stand for the excellencies of spirit above the sordidness of matter.

We love you because you taught mankind

to smile, not the smile of folly, of self-indulgence, nor of treachery, but the smile of the gay heart, without fear and without reproach; the smile that you carry to battle and to death.

We love you because your history is the history of civilization;

Because your country is the birthplace of modern Democracy;

Because you have had the courage to upset your kings and to take your stand for Republicanism in the heart of king-cursed Europe;

Because of your three words, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity;

Because of your generous help in our hour of struggle, and the names of Rochambeau and Lafayette shining forever in our memory;

For your own Joan of Arc, who has be-

come to all humanity the symbol of patriotism.

France! to us, glory and grace forever!

France! unsullied honor, unshakable bravery!

France! we sent our sons to die with you and for you, to baptize your soil with their blood, cementing our love until the Day of Judgment.

France! lovely as the most beautiful of women, we embrace you; strong and true-hearted as the most valiant of men, we clasp your hand.

We were proud to stand shoulder to shoulder with you against the barbarian.

We are happy as a lover to think that destiny has permitted us to express our devotion to you in something more than words.

Comrade, indeed! For we are comrades in Liberty, in Light, and in Honor.

And more!

For on the bloody field there took place our solemn nuptials; we are wedded forever and ever; for better, for worse, till death do us part.

Be of good cheer, O France! The love of America waters you like rain, to encourage your soldiers, to comfort your women, to bless your children.

THE MAN WHO GETS THINGS DONE

"THE Lord certainly shows His low opinion of money by the kind of folks He gives it to," said the pale young man at the banquet. "Look at Hiram Perkins over there—ignorant, no manners, no grammar, no anything but money." The pale young man was a Harvard graduate, and inclined to Socialism and Poetry and The Future.

"Well," said his Uncle Tom, who sat next to him, "I'm not so sure the Lord missed it on Perkins. To my mind he comes nearer earning his millions than most of us."

"Why, what can he do?"

"Nothing. That's the idea. He doesn't do. He gets things done."

"Humph!" grunted the youth.

"Yes," went on his uncle, "there's a small but lively tribe of fellows who get things done. They toil not, neither do they spin. They couldn't qualify for a labor union. They are not educated, not many of 'em. They can't read Greek and Latin nor do stunts in Mathematics. They are short on Art and Literature. They are not Socialists. They are not Philosophers. When you meet them you think they are about as common as prunes.

"And yet they are the biggest men in these United States. Because they get things done."

"What things?" asked the young man.

"Oh, any old thing you want," replied his uncle.

"There's Hi Perkins, for instance. He came from a little town out in Illinois. He

was a foundling. A poor grocer's wife adopted him. He worked in the store. By the time he was seventeen he had changed his foster father's store from a piddling affair to the biggest mercantile enterprise in town. When he was twenty-one he had a chain of stores in the surrounding towns. At thirty he owned the street railway and the water-works and electric plant. At thirty-eight he owned public utilities in a dozen towns. And it wasn't graft, nor the power of unlimited capital, nor anything like that. It was because, somehow, he got things done when everybody else failed.

"There are plenty of people that can do things if you tell them how. Hi Perkins is one of the kind that do things when nobody can tell them how.

"Loyalty, honesty, perseverance, training, education, and all those things are good. But

there's something rarer, something that the Creator gives only to the hundredth man. It is the ability to accomplish the impossible. It is the genius for finding a way. And the Lord gave that to Perkins.

"All you need to tell him is that a certain thing ought to be done. He goes and does it. It isn't mentality nor suavity nor talent. I don't know what it is. He doesn't know. But when he puts his shoulder to a wheel it moves. When he faces obstacles they vanish."

"I see," said the young man, "a sort of typical American, crude but efficient."

"Yep," replied his uncle. "You've said it. Still, he doesn't do things, you know. He gets things done. There's a difference."

SECESSION

IN a way, every war has been a war against Secession.

We think of the Civil War, of 1861, when we hear the word Secession, because it was a struggle of the Southern States to Secede from the Union. But looking over history, and observing the general trend, we shall find that the long-drawn conflict of the world has been between a Centralizing or Unifying force and a Disintegrating force.

The vast, centuries-old agony of mankind is the working out of the inborn desire to Get Together.

Universal Brotherhood is not an academic theory, a prophetic dream; it is a deep instinct.

All our ills come from isolation, provincialism, individualism, sects, classes, parties, antagonisms; the cure is in the breaking down of partitions, in coalescing.

Underneath the sordid ambitions and the pride of Rome was the idea of One World, One Government, One Humanity; and although the effort broke and the organization was shattered, the feeling remained, to come up again in due time.

Nations are a Getting Together, in advance of the systems they superseded. United Italy replaced the quarrelling Italian States; so the France of today, the Germany, Great Britain, and United States of today, each represents a unification of small provinces.

Individualism does not pay. It costs too much struggle to keep alive. One spends too much time fighting other individuals.

Competition must go. It is too wasteful. Only in Co-operation do we eliminate wars.

When we look back upon the great war from fifty years of progress, we will see that it, too, was a struggle toward World Unity. Germany wanted to Secede from the World. We fought to make it come in with us. It must obey international law, accept the universal code of morality; it must also be human, not German.

The revolt of Germany from civilization powerfully unified the world. All other nations instinctively united to oppose her.

We are to be One. We are to have One Law, One Civilization, One Morality, One World Government. Not by the devices of man, but by the will of God.

Destiny is pounding out the perfect World Unity upon the anvil of war.

By Labor Unions and Business Trusts it

is forging Economic Unity.

In the crucible of time it is melting all religions into One Faith.

We are in the grip of an elemental tendency, as profound as evolution, as irresistible as gravitation, slow, perhaps, but as certain as the precession of the equinoxes.

Secession is doomed. We are bound for

"One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

LIGHT AND BURNING

BEHIND every glow is a burning. Behind light is heat.

And behind all helpful influence is sacrifice.

The sun's light is gentle and life-giving; we bask in its rays, the little flowers look up and love it, and the green earth rejoices. Yet behind the wide and welcome glow, at the central spot whence emanates this comfortable and mothering sheen, there are what roaring flames, boilings of molten rock, cataclysmic and violent fires!

So the secret of influence is sacrifice. What good you do is measured by how much you are burning. The power of your love-

ray is in proportion to the conflagration within your heart.

The painter is great when he dips his brush in the fountain of his blood.

The author lays his compelling mind upon the lives of thousands when he has written by the light of his own soul-burning.

The actor touches you when he pours out his life into his role.

Mothers are great because they consume their lives so fully for their children.

Peace, comfort, progress, civilization—somebody must keep up the fires for these.

This so great America, with its rushing trains, humming factories, fruitful farms, busy schools, offices, and markets, what is it but the bright light caused by the burning up of human souls, labor, the consumption of lives?

And in Heaven, it is said, "the Lamb is

the light thereof." For all the beauty and bliss of the place is but the radiance of the great sacrifice.

The spirit of the man is the candle of the Lord, is the saying. It sends out light and power only when it burns.

There is deeper analogy than we suspect in Shakespeare's couplet:

"How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

WHAT TOLSTOY SAID ABOUT WORLD MARTYRS

LET me ask the novelists, dramatists, poets, and all them that show us mankind as it is, one question. I have seen the bitter, tragic thing you call Life. I have tasted its salt and sickening flavor in Ibsen, Sudermann, George Eliot, Maupassant, and Zola. I have heard its moan in Wagner and Debussy and Puccini. I have seen its sadness in Israels, Millet, Piloty, and Stuck.

My question is this: What would befall a man who would simply follow the spirit, teachings, and example of Jesus?

He would have a hard time. But would it be harder than your people have?

It is difficult to live according to Jesus.

But is it any less difficult to live according to yourself, or anyone else?

The Jesus life is impractical. But is it any more so than a non-Jesus life?

Suppose a man turned the other cheek, renounced wealth and place, lived to serve and not to rule, to make others and not himself happy. You say he would be devoured. But are not those who live just contrary to this program also devoured and miserable?

You assert that the Christ life is an "iridescent dream." But is not the life of the men and women of the world a dream, and not even iridescent, but drab and troubled?

"Go through your great cities," writes Tolstoy, "and observe the distorted humanity found therein, the suffering, the violent deaths and suicides, and then ask yourself the cause of all this, and you will find that the majority of persons are martyrs to the

doctrine of selfishness and sensuality, the opposite of the doctrine of Jesus."

Compare the two: World martyrs and Christian martyrs.

THE LONE TRAIL

"WE who know the Lone Trail fain would follow it,
Though it lead to glory or the darkness of the pit;
Ye who take the Lone Trail bid your love good-by;
The Lone Trail, the Lone Trail, follow till you die!"

All under this teeming business, roaring cities, sparkling society, clamant civilization, music, life and color, are the Silent Souls.

They do not do. They think. They are despised and rejected of men. Armies do not cheer them. Women do not seek their kisses.

We dread loneliness. The smaller we are

the more we dread it. It affects us as hunger, thirst, homesickness, nervousness, and fear. The horror of it makes cities. The dread of it makes crimes.

And yet every soul that has become great has had to learn the lesson of loneliness. We can do great things by companies; it is only alone we can be great.

Jesus was forty days in the wilderness "mewing his mighty youth"; Paul had to flee to the wilds before he began his career; Buddha found the great Truth under the Bo tree when he had long soaked himself in silence; Mahomet's vision came in his still, dark cave.

There are some things you can do by geniality, but you are never going to get the great realities of life rightly set to your shoulders except by being alone.

It is the lovers of solitude that have ex-

plored the ends of the earth, founded empires, bred races of free and conquering people, extinguished savagery, advanced the growth of science, philosophy, and all learning, and reformed and rejuvenated religion.

"Bid good-by to sweetheart, bid good-by
to friend;
The Lone Trail, the Lone Trail, follow to
the end.
Tarry not and fear not, chosen of the true:
Lover of the Lone Trail, the Lone Trail
waits for you!"

THE POWER OF RIGHT IDEAS

IT does make a difference what you think.

Sometimes you hear it said that it does not and that all that matters is what you do; that your opinions are nobody's business.

Your ideas are of the utmost importance. What's in your mind directly affects the work of your hands. What you believe alters what you see and hear.

In fact, every sensation, every fact coming into your brain mixes with the contents already there and forms a sort of chemical compound with the notions on hand; and it is this compound, this combination of actual fact and previous conviction, which finally gets into your ego and forms your conclusion.

So your duty is not first to get the facts and to see the truth. Your first duty is to prepare yourself to do this. If your mind is full of false ideas, if it is clouded with superstition or twisted by false sentiment, or all hard and brittle because of some non-fact to which you have given your "faith" from a sense of duty, you are entirely incapable of using the truth.

Clean up inside.

How?

Well, be intellectually honest for one thing. There's an ethics of the intellect as well as of the heart. Don't lie to yourself, or cozen yourself, or hypnotize yourself. Once you accept a thing as true, without knowing whether it is true or not, you are on the road to mental ruin.

As Clifford says, "Belief is desecrated when given to unproved and unquestioned

statements for the solace and private pleasure of the believer."

Second, test every new fact by comparing it with other facts that you have tried out and are sure of. The new one ought to fit. If it does not you may well suspect there is something wrong. It is the essence of sanity to look around and see how a supposed fact gets along with its relatives. It is the essence of insanity to hang on to one idea without reference to others.

Third, believe in the Truth, that it is always safer than Expediency, and that it is vastly more important that a thing be true than that it be profitable or pleasant or even practicable.

The Truth shall make you free. An Untruth always tangles you up.

Truth is the logic of the universe; it is the reasoning of Destiny; it is the mind of God.

And nothing that you can devise or discover can take its place.

Get Right Ideas.

If you don't, you're all wrong.

AMERICA'S COMING OF AGE

(Written for the Fourth of July, 1918. This article was widely used by the Government in the Liberty Loan campaign.)

THIS Fourth of July, 1918, the United States is engaged in the greatest war in history.

It is fighting in this war for the same thing for which it has fought in every other war in which it has been engaged.

Every war of ours has been a war to liberate the laboring man.

The Revolution of 1776 was to get the privileged class of England off the backs of the American Colonists, who were redeeming this wilderness.

The War of 1812 was to rescue American seamen from oppression.

The Mexican War was to liberate the settlers in Texas from the whimsy cruelty of Mexico.

The War of the Rebellion was to get the white man off the back of the black man. The accursed institution of human slavery had trailed its slimy length down the centuries unto the nineteenth. We scotched it.

The Spanish War was undertaken because we could not endure the cries of Cuba being murdered at our front door-step. Having freed that island we did an unprecedented thing in the history of nations. We handed their country back to the Cubans and withdrew our armies.

So, every time our army and navy have gone forth it has been to clean up some filthy autocracy, to end some ancient fraud.

We have no laboring class in this country.

Because we are all laborers. The greatest labor union in the world is the U. S. A.

But all our wars, as well as our intervals of peace, have been but a preparation for our present task. We did not realize it. No man foresees his destiny, no nation foresees its mission. Yet the life of every nation, as of every man, is a plan of God.

God has been piling up riches on this continent until we are the wealthiest nation in the world. He has been sharpening our inventive skill, our craftsmanship, and our business ability, He has been forging here a mighty spirit of democracy.

It is a cheap gibe to say that the United States was unprepared. It has had the mightiest preparation in history.

Now God says: "America, you are come of age, you are now ready for your real work. I have kept you in reserve until this

time. Go forth and make the world a decent place to live in."

When we get fully into this war we will have an army of five million of the finest men in the world, a navy greater than that of any other country, and a merchant marine unparalleled. What for?

To liberate the common man everywhere.

No such formidable flood of human energy has ever before been let loose upon the earth. Not the armies of Alexander, not the legions of conquering Rome, not the battalions of Napoleon, not the murderous tribes led by Tamerlane or Attila, not the brutal hordes of Prussian Junkerdom can compare with this mighty going forth of freedom from the New World.

They are the liberated sons of emigrants turning back to bring liberty to the lands of their fathers.

We have no desire for territory. We have no ambition for conquest and military glory. We want no loot. All we want is to make free the common man everywhere.

We do not wish to conquer Germany; we wish to set the Germans free. It is for this reason that our preparation has been slow. We are getting ready to fight if all the rest of the world quits.

It is for this reason that the armies of the United States have never been defeated.

It is for this reason that we cannot come back "till it's over, over there." We must triumph because we are but the crest of the tidal wave of Destiny.

The future is ours because our boys are dying in Picardy for the same cause for which Jesus died in Judea—to save the world.

THE GREAT SILENCES

HAVE you ever thought of the great Silences? They are the sources of our deepest, our sublimest feeling. From them all superior souls draw their habitual sustenance.

There is the Silence of the Sky. Who has not felt a sense of awe pervade him, a breath of fearsome grandeur breathe through him, as he has looked up at the stars —remote, silent worlds that know us not?

There is the Silence of the Night, when the last bird is asleep, and even the wind has ceased to whisper, and the whole world stands black and "breathless as a nun." What thoughts come then, looming portentously!

There is the Silence of the Sea, a huge white continent of water flashing in the sun, containing what noiseless deeps and monsters!

There is the Silence of Art, the mute appeal of the Venus de Milo, of Mona Lisa, of the Sistine Madonna.

There is the Silence of Grief, more terrible than its noisy tears, more appalling than shrieks of agony, that terrible stillness of heartbreak.

There is the Silence of the Dead, most difficult of all to grasp. How can those lips be forever still?

There is the Silence of God. The mightiest of all forces, the most marvellous of all personalities is stillest of all. His is the "still, small voice."

And best and greatest of all is the Silence

of Love, which is "the sun of love, and ripens the fruit of the soul."

"Bees," says Carlyle, "will not work except in darkness: thought will not work except in silence; nor virtue except in secrecy."

TOWARD UNITY

IT is at least interesting, though it may sometimes render one a nuisance, to take a long look ahead. I say it makes a nuisance of one. Did you ever reflect that the main trouble with those enthusiasts who "would turn the world upside down" is that they have got drunk on the Future? Fixing their gaze upon a far point of human development, they are apt to be impatient with their plodding fellows who have to rub along with conditions as they are, feed the children, run the government, and keep the furnace going in the schoolhouse.

Such are Christians (what few real ones there may be), Socialists, anarchists, pacifists, single-taxers, prohibitionists, and the like.

But let us see what the Future will probably bring to the race. Certain goals are clearly indicated. What are they?

1. The trend of all forces now extant among men is toward Unity. All lines of development are converging. It is no mere fine phrase of Tennyson's:

"The one divine, far-off event
To which the whole creation moves."

2. For instance, there will never be another new race, such as German, French, African, and so on. What caused these races in the first place was isolation.

"If the ancestors of Swede and Arab, Saxon and Negro, Greek and Chinaman had all lived together and freely intermarried, there would never have been any Swedes, Arabs, Saxons, Greeks, or Chinamen, but instead a homogeneous race differing from them all," said Professor Maynard

F. Metcalf of the Orchard Laboratory of Oberlin, Ohio, in a recent address before the Chinese Students' Alliance.

"We are entering upon a new anthropological period, a period in which divergent evolution has ended and a fusion of the races will begin. The ultimate human species will be one complex race fused from all those present races which succeed in persisting."

3. There never will be another language. Dialects also were caused and developed by isolation. Time will bring some day that universal compound tongue toward which Volapuk and Esperanto are the artificial strivings.

4. Nationalism will eventually cease. It is too expensive and too dangerous. The Parliament of Man is nearer than we think. It is becoming a stern, military necessity.

5. The present form of religious expression, by denominational organizations, will die away. The moral sentiment of mankind is steadily unifying. More and more emphasis is being laid upon those ethical impulses common to all creeds. In time there will be one human faith. (It will be yours, of course. Cheer up!)

6. (Point 6 included a number of inflammable points re woman suffrage, single tax, tariffs, schools, and so on, which have been deleted by the censor, who wants to know why I can't write without antagonizing some of our best people. He also doesn't like point 5, but thinks maybe it's mild and general enough to pass.)

When these things come, human history will begin; it is just getting ready now.

THE GENTLEMAN

WHAT makes a Gentleman? Not clothes, of course. And not any outward thing, even manners and smooth words. A monkey might also be trained to sip soup from the side of the spoon, not to eat with his knife, and to enter a room properly. And a man may have breeding and culture and wisdom and still miss being a Gentleman. What, then, constitutes a Gentleman?

There are two essential elements. First, there must be a Man; and second, he must be Gentle.

First, then, he must be brave, not with physical lack of nerves, but unafraid in his heart, seeing the laws of truth and goodness

and committing himself to them with utter indifference to consequences.

Second, he must be gentle; that is, he must have learned to use his courage kindly.

Bravery is the masculine characteristic; gentleness the feminine. The man comes first, we say; the woman after. True enough, but the woman is the finishing, perfecting element. What we call civilization is nothing but the womanization of a race. Those races are extinguished in the process who do not have sufficient masculinity to stand it.

When you have a brave man who is not gentle, you have a barbarian; noble, possibly, great and strong, but still a savage. When you have a gentle soul that is not brave, that dare not risk the higher verities, you have no man at all, but a milksop. But when you have a man who is profoundly fearless, and who has also learned to be gentle, then you

have that finest product of God's handiwork of which we have any definite knowledge—a Gentleman.

POLISHING THE HALO

THE authors, Carlyle says, are the world's real high priests. They touch us, mold us, light in us the divine fire; but we do not see them; they sit behind the veil of the temple. Nothing of them reaches us but their thought; we do not see their bodies, hear their voices, nor in any way catch personal traits, failings, or mannerisms which might disturb the pure influence of their spirit message.

I don't like literary chat. The busy Boswells who describe the risings up and sittings down of famous men are no welcome gossips of mine.

Bill Nye's answer to a curious human fly that wanted to buzz him was pat. Reply-

ing to an inquiry as to his personal habits he wrote: "In the morning I wear morning dress, in the evening I wear evening dress, and at night I wear a night dress. I am very sociable and pleasant to be thrown amongst."

The artist should maintain seclusion. When he loses his mystery the people trample him. Let the king keep to his palace, and the priest to his temple; and let the artist live solitary in his lodge in some vast wilderness, coming forth only when properly staged to perform his piano-playing, acting, operatic singing, preaching, or writing. Let us never see him without his robes.

One reason why preachers fail is that the congregation gets too well acquainted with them. They should appear on Sunday, deliver their message, and then vanish to the woods—so their sermons would have more divinity. If I knew of a church that wanted

a preacher to preach on Sunday and then not to be seen for a week, and to be personally acquainted with no member of the congregation, I think I should apply for the place.

If you are selling automobiles or soap it is all right to mingle. Extend your acquaintance, shake hands, and be a good fellow. Join all the clubs and lodges, and know and be known. Likewise if you are running for mayor.

But if you are an actor, imitate Maude Adams, whom the interviewer cannot find with a search-warrant; or Frances Starr, whom you never see in a lobster-palace nor being elsewhere wined, dined, and socially exploited.

I do not thank Froude for rummaging around among the effects of the dead Carlyle and exhibiting his boots, pipes, and tempers, exposing the sacred intimacies of the

man. All I want to know of the old prophet is in his books. There he is, majestic, leonine, masterful, one of my dear divinities, and let no man make him common.

Half of power is illusion. Even Jesus's neighbors could not see his grandeur because they knew his kinfolk.

The trouble with the public is that they have no power of co-ordination. When they learn little things about you they cannot understand the big things. When they find out that Tennyson smoked, Mansfield was hot-tempered, Washington swore, Chesterton is fond of whiskey, or Lincoln loved a good story—it's all over.

Of course, artists are human. Be human. But don't let the tittle-tattle folk find out wherein.

O public person, when you have finished your say, and have been applauded, go back to your hole and polish your halo.